

SERIAL STORY

5 WOULD KILL

BY TOM HORNER

COPYRIGHT, 1939,
NEA SERVICE, INC.

Yesterday, questioning Douglas, Dawson discovers that the young man knows much more about the Benthorpe murder than he is telling. When Flynn reports on Benthorpe's bank deposit, Douglas hears "Big Red" mentioned. "Big Red" was my uncle," he tells Dawson.

CHAPTER X

AS Dawson stared at him incredulously, John Douglas continued: "I was named for him. He's been missing for years now. We have reason to believe he is dead. What has he to do with this Benthorpe murder?"

"Just a minute, son," Dawson countered. "I'll ask the questions, and perhaps answer a few, too. How old would your uncle be if he were still alive?"

"Between 70 and 80."

"Ummm. And what makes you think he is dead?"

"I can't tell you all of that right now, Captain. I can't tell you all I know about Benthorpe. I can't even tell you why I came here last night. But if you'll let me talk to Ara, alone, for a few minutes—"

"What possible reason could your uncle have—supposing he were alive—to kill Benthorpe?"

Douglas shook his head. "Why name a dead man as a suspect?" he countered.

Dawson settled back in his chair, fished in his wallet for a folded, wrinkled piece of paper, studied it intently. At last he handed it over to Douglas, saying:

"You may as well know that your admission that 'Big Red' is your uncle, puts you in even a better spot as the No. 1 suspect of Benthorpe's murder. Here, read this."

Douglas read "I will be killed tonight—... a woman named Ara... prospector... 'Big Red'."

"Ara!" he whispered.

Dawson reached out, took the paper from Douglas' hand. "I've a hunch about you, Douglas, and I'll let you talk to Ara, alone. She should still be in the dining room."

JOHN DOUGLAS' precipitous entrance and his ill-considered babbling had left Ara inwardly raging. What a fool, she thought, to have come here immediately. If he had only waited until the first editions were on the streets with the Benthorpe murder story. But now, anything she might say, even the truth, would have to be proved. And Dawson was no ordinary detective.

A look of imperturbable calm masked her inward emotional turmoil as she turned back to the table. Joey di Torio stirred his coffee noisily. Krone eyed her as she sat down. Only Helen Benthorpe seemed entirely undisturbed by the interruption. Ara nibbled on a piece of toast, kept her eyes focused on her plate.

After a few minutes, Joey announced: "Must have left my cigarettes in the other room. Coming, Krone?"

"Yeah, I'll go with you." The detective mumbled something in Mrs. Benthorpe's direction as the two men left the dining room.

"I hope you are enjoying your breakfast," Mrs. Benthorpe said, after an interval of silence. There was no cordiality in her voice.

Ara nodded.

"Just what do you plan to do now?" Mrs. Benthorpe demanded.

"I know you must hate me, Mrs. Benthorpe," Ara answered as she rose from the table, faced the beautiful young widow. "You have reason to. But there is nothing of yours that I want. I intended leaving here as quickly as possible. I feel only pity for you. Now, I want to forget—everything!"

"There is one thing I am sure you want to forget," Mrs. Benthorpe's words were sharp edged.

"But I doubt if Captain Dawson will let you. But let me warn you—her voice rose—"If you try anything, if you tell anything, I'll—I'll—"

"You might kill me, is that what you're trying to tell me, Mrs. Benthorpe?" Ara's eyes blazed.

"I could make things rather unpleasant for you, but don't worry about it—I don't intend to. I want nothing that you can give me. And I don't hate you. My hate is dead. Nothing matters—now."

Mrs. Benthorpe's face became crimson as she started to answer.

"Why—you—you—" But her enigmatical smile returned when she glimpsed Dawson and Douglas leaving the study. "Be quiet, now," she ordered Ara. "Here comes the detective. I'll see you later."

And as Dawson entered...

"Your breakfast suggestion was quite right, Captain. A little coffee has done wonders for me."

"I thought so, Mrs. Benthorpe," Dawson answered. "Will you come with me, now, Mrs. Benthorpe? I'll have to search the house for

a gun—the gun—and I should prefer that you were along."

"If you insist, Captain."

"John, you'd better have some food, too," Dawson said. "The butler will bring you coffee and toast and whatever else you want."

JOHN ate in silence. Only when Ara rose and started to leave did he turn to her.

"Ara, the time has come to tell the truth. You and I are going to be accused of a murder, if we don't tell Captain Dawson all the facts. I know it won't be easy."

"I don't see where I am involved. I—"

"But you are, Ara, and I have to know why," Douglas interrupted. "Tell me the truth, Ara and perhaps I can save you."

What were you doing in Benthorpe's study last night?"

She turned on him angrily. "I wasn't in Benthorpe's study last night. What makes you ask that?"

He drew a button—a red, peculiarly-shaped button, from his vest pocket, held it beside two similar buttons on the sleeve of her dress. "Haven't you missed this?"

She snatched the button from his hand. "Where did you find that? Does Dawson know?" Then as she became calmer: "There are thousands of buttons just like this one, why bother me with it?"

"There are three on your other sleeve," it was true.

"All right, suppose I was in Benthorpe's study. I was there this morning, talking to Captain

Dawson. He knows that. When did you find it?"

"I found it in a chair—it fell out of a chair—last night," Douglas answered slowly. "Benthorpe was dead—did you see him last night?"

He was pleading for the truth, although his own words were self-condemning.

"Yes," Ara answered slowly, as her eyes met his. "I saw Arnold Benthorpe last night. But it was early in the evening—long before he was killed."

(To Be Continued)

During 1938, 1,957,350 new passenger cars were sold in the United States.

Approximately 1,150,000 persons were injured in auto wrecks during 1938—of this number 140,000 were permanently disabled.

During 1938, 1,957,350 new passenger cars were sold in the United States.

Approximately 1,150,000 persons were injured in auto wrecks during 1938—of this number 140,000 were permanently disabled.

During 1938, 1,957,350 new passenger cars were sold in the United States.

Approximately 1,150,000 persons were injured in auto wrecks during 1938—of this number 140,000 were permanently disabled.

During 1938, 1,957,350 new passenger cars were sold in the United States.

Approximately 1,150,000 persons were injured in auto wrecks during 1938—of this number 140,000 were permanently disabled.

During 1938, 1,957,350 new passenger cars were sold in the United States.

Approximately 1,150,000 persons were injured in auto wrecks during 1938—of this number 140,000 were permanently disabled.

During 1938, 1,957,350 new passenger cars were sold in the United States.

Approximately 1,150,000 persons were injured in auto wrecks during 1938—of this number 140,000 were permanently disabled.

During 1938, 1,957,350 new passenger cars were sold in the United States.

Approximately 1,150,000 persons were injured in auto wrecks during 1938—of this number 140,000 were permanently disabled.

During 1938, 1,957,350 new passenger cars were sold in the United States.

Approximately 1,150,000 persons were injured in auto wrecks during 1938—of this number 140,000 were permanently disabled.

During 1938, 1,957,350 new passenger cars were sold in the United States.

Approximately 1,150,000 persons were injured in auto wrecks during 1938—of this number 140,000 were permanently disabled.

During 1938, 1,957,350 new passenger cars were sold in the United States.

Approximately 1,150,000 persons were injured in auto wrecks during 1938—of this number 140,000 were permanently disabled.

During 1938, 1,957,350 new passenger cars were sold in the United States.

Approximately 1,150,000 persons were injured in auto wrecks during 1938—of this number 140,000 were permanently disabled.

During 1938, 1,957,350 new passenger cars were sold in the United States.

Approximately 1,150,000 persons were injured in auto wrecks during 1938—of this number 140,000 were permanently disabled.

During 1938, 1,957,350 new passenger cars were sold in the United States.

Approximately 1,150,000 persons were injured in auto wrecks during 1938—of this number 140,000 were permanently disabled.

During 1938, 1,957,350 new passenger cars were sold in the United States.

Approximately 1,150,000 persons were injured in auto wrecks during 1938—of this number 140,000 were permanently disabled.

During 1938, 1,957,350 new passenger cars were sold in the United States.

Approximately 1,150,000 persons were injured in auto wrecks during 1938—of this number 140,000 were permanently disabled.

During 1938, 1,957,350 new passenger cars were sold in the United States.

Approximately 1,150,000 persons were injured in auto wrecks during 1938—of this number 140,000 were permanently disabled.

During 1938, 1,957,350 new passenger cars were sold in the United States.

Approximately 1,150,000 persons were injured in auto wrecks during 1938—of this number 140,000 were permanently disabled.

During 1938, 1,957,350 new passenger cars were sold in the United States.

Approximately 1,150,000 persons were injured in auto wrecks during 1938—of this number 140,000 were permanently disabled.

During 1938, 1,957,350 new passenger cars were sold in the United States.

Approximately 1,150,000 persons were injured in auto wrecks during 1938—of this number 140,000 were permanently disabled.

During 1938, 1,957,350 new passenger cars were sold in the United States.

Approximately 1,150,000 persons were injured in auto wrecks during 1938—of this number 140,000 were permanently disabled.

During 1938, 1,957,350 new passenger cars were sold in the United States.

Approximately 1,150,000 persons were injured in auto wrecks during 1938—of this number 140,000 were permanently disabled.

OUT OUR WAY

BY J. R. WILLIAMS



RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



WASH TUBBS



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



ALLEY OOP



OUR BOARDING HOUSE With MAJOR HOOPLE



BY FRED HARMAN



BY HAROLD GRAY



BY BLOSSER



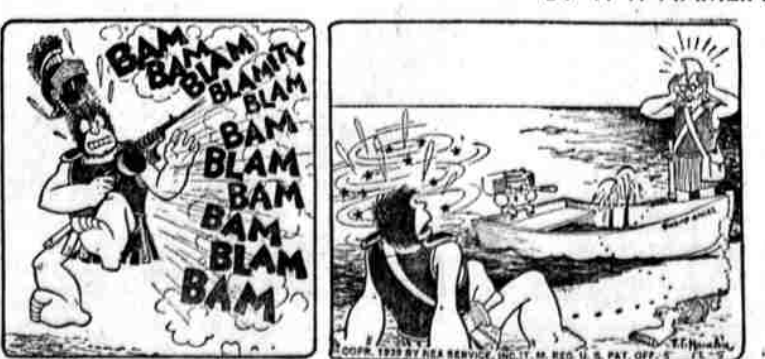
BY CRANE



BY MARTIN



BY V. T. HAMLIN



FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia

COPY, 1939 BY NEA SERVICE, INC. T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



"What's she divorcing him for?"
"Mental cruelty—and \$100,000."

FOOTBALL CELEBRITY

